

of his psychic life should be brought out to the full; but he is prevented from doing such real damage in the stress of his anxiety as would be a serious inconvenience to the analyst, or a danger to the child himself or other people.

Even in analysis, therefore, there is always a reference to reality; for this alone could give the child confidence that he may safely show what his wishes are. If he felt that he was being allowed to do real damage, he would no more dare to show his phantasies in the analytic room than in real life outside; if he felt that the analyst could not restrain him when he wishes to do real damage, he could not unlock the door of his inner life. Once, however, the analytic situation is set going, the child soon realises that here is a person and here is a setting whose sole purpose is to understand: he can then freely display his phantasies, whether wish or dreaded retribution, step by step, and show how these are evoked in him, moment by moment, by the real happenings of his outer life.

A small illustration may perhaps make clearer the child's own sense of the difference between the type of reality which the analytic situation represents, i.e. psychic reality, and the external reality of people and things. A seven-year-old boy patient of mine had been showing me many aspects of his wish to attack me (as representing his mother) and take away my babies (his rivals). He had also shown me the many ways in which he imagined himself making me better by being the "good father", giving me back good babies and good love, how he believed that if he gave me love, he would get good milk in* return, but that if he was angry, or screamed, or wet or dirtied his bed, he would either get no food at

all, or bad
food and poison. After some weeks of this
type of play,
I had a cold and was obliged to take two days
away from his
analysis. The day following my return the
child showed
not only the great anxiety which my real cold had
caused him,
as an apparent fulfilment of his destructive
wishes against
me, but also his appreciation of the fact that
real injuries
have to be made good, not by phantasied gifts,
but by *real*
gifts. For the first time, he gave me a slice of his
real lunch
apple. Many days previously he had eaten his
apple under
my eyes, in moments when his fear of me, as an
attacking,
avenging mother, had become too real and vivid
to his mind